

“THE DOCTOR-BISHOP”
FRANCIS THOMAS M'DOUGALL
FIRST BISHOP OF SARAWAK
BY
R·B·DAWSON·M·A



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A SHORT ACCOUNT OF
FRANCIS THOMAS M'DOUGALL
FIRST BISHOP OF SARAWAK

BY

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WITH A FOREWORD BY
THE BISHOP OF LABUAN AND SARAWAK

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TO
K. DE M.

FOREWORD

I HOPE this popular life of Bishop M'Dougall will have a very wide circulation. The story of his heroic life deserves to be known and remembered by succeeding generations, but up to now that story has not been easily accessible, consequently it is not known as it ought to be.

After living in Sarawak for four years I am more and more struck by the wonderful work done by the "Doctor-Bishop." I live in the house he built, I pray in his church—but I fail altogether to do the work he did. The first white Rajah says he laid the foundations, and my revered predecessor, Bishop Hose, wrote : "We are reaping . . . the harvest which was sown at the beginning of the Mission, and the present generation thankfully acknowledge the debt they owe to the pioneer Bishop and his fellow workers." I would put it rather differently—we are not reaping the harvest—the grain is ripe, and indeed over ripe ; but we have no reapers !

The diocese of Labuan and Sarawak now includes Sarawak, Labuan, Brunei, and British North Borneo ; but the stations in Sarawak, most of which date back to Bishop M'Dougall's days, have many of them been left to themselves for years, visited now and then by the missionary in charge of the neighbouring districts.

The work that Bishop M'Dougall begun has not been developed as it ought to have been, and now, as in his day, the real difficulty has been to find men. The men we want are men like the hero here described. Nothing of an inferior type can stand the strain of life in Borneo. So if this little book touches the hearts of those who read it, as I trust it may do, I hope it will turn the thoughts of many to Borneo, and induce some to come and help to carry on the work.

W. ROBERT MUNSEY,
Bishop of Labuan and Sarawak.

“THE DOCTOR-BISHOP”

ON April 4, 1831, the day of the garrison races, there was one tearful person in Malta, and he was a small boy of fourteen who was locked into his room. Had any of the gay crowd that passed all the morning looked up at the windows of Captain M'Dougall's quarters they would no doubt have been surprised to see a dark-complexioned, black-eyed little jockey wearing a jacket of Lord Rothes' racing colours, and an expression of utter despair! The fact was that Frank's mother had that morning caught the glint of a satin jacket beneath her son's coat, and without further to do had turned the key of his bedroom door. It was not till the races were well over that she set the prisoner free; and not then until she had extracted a faithful promise that he would never race again.

Frank's father, a member of a well-known Scottish family of soldiers, was in the 42nd Highlanders, and by everyone in Malta, from Lord Frederick Ponsonby, the Governor down to the youngest subaltern, the small jockey was completely spoilt. Admiral Thompson of the *Revenge* had already made a prospective midshipman of him; and he ran in and out of the gun-room, and knew everything there was to be known about a ship before he was thirteen. But his father intended him to be a soldier. Frank's mother, however, had other plans for her boy. She thought this garrison life was not the best thing possible for him, and one day, to her husband's dismay,

she announced that Frank was to be a *doctor*! Everyone, Lord Rothes included, protested: such "hands" and such a seat would be clean wasted in a hospital. But strange to say, Frank himself was glad to agree. The garrison surgeon had called him a plucky boy during an operation, and he had struck up a warm friendship with the old medico. So Mrs. M'Dougall had her way, and for the next few years Frank went to lectures at Malta University, and spent all his spare time in the Valletta Hospitals. Old Dr. Davey had always said the boy would make a surgeon; and he felt how right he had been when, seven years later, he scanned the lists of King's College, London, and saw that the name of the gold-medallist for surgery was Francis Thomas M'Dougall. Soon after this, young M'Dougall received his diploma and became a demonstrator in anatomy. He had become an enthusiast in his chosen profession. Far into the night he and Sir John Simon plied their mysterious craft in "the Dungeon" beneath the roar of the Strand. But for all that, when he became a full-fledged doctor he was not the kind of man who finds it easy to settle down. Somehow the prospect of an ordinary practice did not seem so very alluring. There are, however, plenty of things a young doctor can do before finally fixing up his brass-plate; and in the meantime he went abroad with an undergraduate who had been ordered to travel, for consumption. At heart M'Dougall was a sailor still. Had he possessed the means he would certainly have chartered a vessel and sailed off in search of buried treasure, or to countries where no one had been before; as, in fact, another young man "at loose ends" named James Brooke was doing that very December; whose little yacht, the

Royalist, slipt out of Devonport and bore away unnoticed for the Eastern Archipelago. M'Dougall certainly could not have guessed all that the little *Royalist's* voyage of discovery would mean to his own career!

His patient's college at Oxford was Magdalen Hall (now Hertford College), and after their return the young doctor thought he would go up to Oxford with him before finally settling down. Oxford of the 'thirties and 'forties was a smaller Oxford than now. On all her three approaches the town was cut off clear as a walled city of old from the surrounding country; no disfiguring railway then, no "New Oxford," no suburbs, no Butterfield! Jack Adams set the freshman down at the "Mitre" from the box of the "Royal Defiance," and forthwith he was in a different world. The spirit of the place possessed M'Dougall. He, too, entered his name on the College books. A less typical undergraduate, however, it would have been hard to find. The dark boy had broadened into a man of great strength of muscle and breadth of shoulder. By no means a big man, as height goes, he gave an impression of power, while something foreign and unusual was added to his appearance by his raven black hair and his almost gipsy skin. He belonged to that type of "blackavised Scots" still found to-day in the Western Highlands. He looked like a man who had already seen a good deal of life; a man, too, of a certain distinction of bearing. Further characteristics were a pair of very merry black eyes and a most infectious laugh. But at Oxford the freshman of twenty-three is a man among boys; and M'Dougall did what many men of his age then did who could

afford it, and became a “gentleman commoner.” Often enough, to wear the golden tassel on one’s mortar-board was to be removed above the life of the college and to take one’s seat with the seniors. This was not to be M’Dougall’s fate if he could help it. He soon found his place on the river. Rowing at that date was not at a great height at Oxford. At Magdalen Hall there was very little keenness in the matter. That was, of course, the day before the barges were known. The years 1842-43, however, saw a remarkable change. Under Fletcher-Menzies of University the Oxford style was changed and the pace improved, and after a long series of defeats Oxford won the Boat Race. In ’43 came the famous “Septem Contra Camum,” when Oxford with but seven oars beat the Cambridge crew at Henley. M’Dougall worked hard for his college eight, and in the 1842 race at Putney he pulled bow in the winning Oxford boat. He was a very popular man in the University, and had a distinct influence in his own college, where his name is still remembered with respect.

Oxford did much for Francis M’Dougall. She helped him to “find himself.” He met there some very notable men, whose names were afterwards associated with the best traditions of the Anglican Church. Those were the days of great names at Oxford. M’Dougall began more and more to feel himself drawn towards the Church he belonged to, and to understand what it all stood for in his own life. He was the last man to speak of such things ; and the only explanation he himself ever gave of what afterwards happened was that “Oxford did it.” Perhaps Oxford men will understand !

Not at once, however, did he decide to seek holy

orders. At a friend's invitation he went into Wales to help to superintend some mines, and there he remained for a year or two after taking his degree. It was there he met his wife. Harriette Bunyon's home was in London, but her father owned an estate in Wales. Her sister was the wife of Bishop Colenso of Natal. She was a very pretty and accomplished girl, a good horsewoman, a clever musician, very popular in society, and a painter of some talent, having studied under Cornelius Varley and Henri Gastineau. One of the most unselfish of people, she had a great fund of quiet commonsense, and a marked individuality of her own. Francis M'Dougall and she were friends and lovers all the rest of their lives. She thoroughly understood her husband, and it would be difficult to say what he did not owe to his wife. Harriette and he were married after a very short engagement, and she did all she could to make it easy for him to follow the new bent of his mind. Bishop Blomfield of London took a great interest in M'Dougall when he heard that he had thoughts of being ordained. It was an unusual thing in those days for a clergyman to have a medical training, and the Bishop characteristically thought that his scientific knowledge would be “useful among the sceptics.” Finally, everything was arranged, and Bishop Stanley ordained him deacon. Harriette had now to face the life of a country curacy. But she gave up her painting and her music, and threw herself most bravely into the life of his tiny parish near Norwich. Framington Pigot Church was little better than a barn, and was so damp that the old women came to its services in pattens. The cold was so excruciating that to Mrs. M'Dougall's amusement her husband preached his first sermon in coat,

great-coat, cassock and gown, and had to leave the pulpit door open to give him room to turn round. He put an “Arnott’s” stove into the building, and very soon filled his church. But in less than two years they were back in London, M'Dougall having been invited to come and work at Christ Church, Woburn Square. He also accepted an interesting post at the British Museum, which kept him in touch with things scientific. But it was not long before Harriette saw her husband wax restless at his desk. In truth he had the “wander drop” in his blood, and he was yearning to be off to a less conventional world, where there would be more venturesome work to be done.

That was the year when all London began to talk of Borneo. The “legend of Sarawak” had, in fact, seized upon the imagination of everyone in this country; and no wonder, for there could be no more romantic story. It is not every day that a young officer goes out in his yacht in search of adventure and finds a kingdom. But that was what James Brooke had done, and the story of how he had accepted the raj of Sarawak, and had cleared those far-away seas of the most bloodthirsty pirates that ever were a terror to a country, read like a page from a romance. When he returned to London, Brooke found himself the hero of the hour. The Queen received him with honours at Windsor Castle, and all London opened its doors wide to lionise the “great white Rajah.” Borneo itself was believed to be a veritable land of promise. Hitherto it had been almost unknown, but now in all the London markets there was a Borneo “boom.” When the Rajah returned to his kingdom it was with high hopes that he had the old country behind him, and that his rule

would be backed up by all the force of the Pax Britannica. In the meantime Sir James Brooke (as he now was) was in search of men to help him strengthen his rule ; and as he was a statesman, and believed that in every kingdom the Church is the soul of the State, he was determined, if he could, to find a missionary of the right sort for Sarawak. Rajah Brooke always held that the wise missionary is the most efficient agent of civilisation. A man of very broad sympathies, he went to the Anglican Church for help because, as he said himself, he “believed her to be the most free, as he trusted she would be the most patient and loving, of communions.”

One person in London, at all events, longed to be off to Sarawak, and that was Francis M'Dougall. Had it depended upon himself alone he would have volunteered at once. But he had his wife and child to think of first. Ought he to take them to such an uncivilised country ? In spite of the “boom,” he knew that Borneo must be in a very unsettled state ; the climate was a dangerous one ; everything would have to be built up from the very foundation. Moreover, he felt that he was in honour bound to his new post at the British Museum. It was then that Harriette M'Dougall decided for them both. She saw quite well that her husband’s heart was in Borneo, and she knew that Lord Ellesmere and the other members of the new Borneo Mission had actually approached him on the subject. So one evening she came and quietly told her husband that she had settled the matter for him ; his chief at the Museum had given him his release, and now they might start for Sarawak as soon as he liked ! The last person she thought of was herself. She loved London and her painting, and she

knew she would probably have to leave her baby behind in England. Candidly, the pirates did not attract her in the least. But her love for her husband made her see clearly what was the right thing for them both, and that decided the matter. Strangely enough, at that very moment M'Dougall was offered a post by the Bishop of Norwich which would have taken them to the Mediterranean, and the old scenes of his childhood. It was a very tempting offer, but they had now fully made up their minds to go to Borneo. The Rajah gave the M'Dougalls a cordial welcome. A medical missionary was exactly what he wanted, and he hoped great things of the new mission.

The M'Dougalls spent New Year's Day, 1848, in the *Mary Louisa*—a miserable barque of 400 tons, laden with coals and gunpowder. In midchannel the poor old barque was run down, lost her bowsprit, and had to put in at Deal for repairs. But very soon they were once more safely on their journey; and after four months on the high seas, during which time M'Dougall was in his element as ship's doctor, they arrived at Singapore and re-embarked for Borneo, which lies three or four hundred miles to the eastward. At the end of June (St. Peter's Day, 1848) they had their first view of Kuching, the capital of Sarawak, and their new home. It was a wonderfully beautiful view. Sarawak is a land of rivers. The great mysterious tropical forests press down close to the very sea-shore, and beyond them rise, nearly 14,000 feet high, Kini Balu and all the blue mountains of Sarawak, forest-clad almost to their summits. Once past the dangers of the deltas, a ship may sail on and on into the forests for perhaps 170 miles, and smaller boats for 650 miles farther. Somewhere in

these forests lived M'Dougall's people! It was all very new and wonderful to the missionary. Very soon he had a glimpse of some of his new friends ; long boats full of splendid-looking brown men in huge mushroom hats were constantly plying up and down the river. The Malay is a Mohammedan ; he is broad-featured, with cinnamon-coloured skin and straight black hair, and perfectly charming manners. A very lazy fellow on land, he is a different being on the water, and give him anything to do with a spice of danger in it, and he is a demon for energy. All the sailor in M'Dougall went out towards those rowers!

Kuching was twenty-four miles up the river—a little town amidst lovely gardens—and the M'Dougalls finally found themselves installed in a rather primitive native-built house, and were told the Rajah was away on an expedition. Twenty pirate long-boats were “out” on the Sarebas and S'krang Rivers, and “fifteen heads had been taken.” It was not very long, however, before the Rajah's triumphant arrival, and every native gong in the town was beating a welcome to Sir James Brooke as the *Menander* appeared on the river. The Rajah gave them a warm welcome, and almost before M'Dougall realised he was really there, he was fairly “in the thick of it.” There was much to be done. To begin with, he found himself the only doctor in Sarawak. Patients came in a perfect stream ; and the missionary set to work at once to build a dispensary. This little Mission Hospital in Kuching was the centre of the first Medical Mission of the Church of England.

M'Dougall's energy greatly impressed his new friends. The natives caught some of his enthusiasm, and he actually managed to supersede the Chinese

workmen by a gang of Malay builders. They worked at the dispensary as they had never worked before, and M'Dougall showed them how to make wheel-barrows to carry their loads, and served out shovels to all of them instead of their foolish little native baskets. The shovels were a great novelty. In one month the work was done, and in a very few more the Committee in London received a report of expenditure, together with a fine water-colour drawing by Mrs. M'Dougall, of the new building. That was sixty years ago. Some of the Home Committee began to fear that M'Dougall's work in Sarawak was going to be "too secular." The Rajah, however, found in M'Dougall a man after his own heart. Had he not been a doctor as well as a padre, he would not have gained the confidence of those Malays and Dyaks as quickly as he had. Rajah Brooke thoroughly approved, too, of M'Dougall's plans for a native school in Kuching. He made him a magistrate, as he believed it would add to the doctor's prestige, though M'Dougall himself would never act in that rôle. The Rajah's own wonderful influence with the natives was based upon sympathy. He was greatly reverenced and loved by them all, and lived in patriarchal state in his palace on the hillside. Before Brooke's coming the country had known no sort of government, and was a prey to many different warring factions. Hundreds of miles of splendid, fertile country was completely deserted owing to the dread the pirates and slave-hunters had brought upon the land. Altogether, with their Malay allies, there were even then in the country about 25,000 men living on piracy and murder. But the Rajah was surely but gradually restoring the kingdom to order,

and in a few years the population in the settled districts had increased twenty-fold. The “Land Dyaks” had been a miserably oppressed people. They lived a hide-and-seek life of watchfulness and misery, always expecting a pirate fleet to appear in the river to carry them off as slaves. Brooke had reinstated their old chiefs, and had set up a court of justice. Palisaded forts guarded the mouths of most of the rivers, and a whole fleet of his war-boats guarded the coast. Everything in his wise government of the natives was based upon their own laws, the Rajah consulting all the headmen at every step, “separating the *abuses* from the customs,” giving strict and impartial justice to all and a fair system of taxation. His Highness was surrounded by a devoted band of young Englishmen, some of them nephews of his own, and all men of good family, who thoroughly entered into all his plans. As Brooke used to say, “Good temper, good sense, and conciliatory manners are essential to the good government of natives.” It would have been impossible to find anywhere else in the East a Government built up so completely on sympathy and mutual trust between white men and black as in Sarawak when M’Dougall first saw it.

M’Dougall was so much struck by the Rajah’s system that he determined to adapt it as far as he could to his missionary work. The ideal system, he felt, for the country, would be that two bachelor missionaries should be placed wherever the Rajah had planted a resident and a fort, and that at least once a year each man should return to headquarters and thus keep closely in touch with the head of the Mission. It would have to be some time before he could set up such a complete system, but he wrote

home asking for men, and promising them plenty of work and as much adventure as they could desire. M'Dougall felt that the kind of man he really wanted in Sarawak was "a good man, good to work, good in himself, and a gentleman." Harriette, when she wrote home, added characteristically her contribution to the list by saying that what a Kuching missionary needed was "quick senses, eyes and ears, at least (better leave *nose* at home)!" Poor things, it was long before the Mission staff was greatly augmented, and when men did come, fever and the awful climate were responsible for many gaps. One of M'Dougall's best helpers (an old Blue Coat boy) was killed by pirates; two others died of fever within the year.

In the meantime the school became a great feature in the work of the Mission. Whenever the Rajah returned from a warlike expedition, any orphan children taken in battle were added to the school and baptised. Many of the native parents, too, agreed to allow their children to be brought up in the school. Mrs. M'Dougall was the mother of all the little boys and girls in the school. She had brought her English nurse with her, and this excellent woman gave quite a homely air to the school nursery, and did a little teaching, too, among the smaller children. Dyak children are pretty little "imps," and Mrs. M'Dougall described her big family party as "the most independent, merry-hearted little rascals on the face of the earth." Before long they had built a roomier house, M'Dougall himself doing a good deal of the work with his own hands, the Malays working with enthusiasm under their "Tuan." So quickly did the buildings rise that some of the Mohammedans thought they could only be the work

of jins, and one day asked M'Dougall whether he had not obtained supernatural help.

If the doctor's hands were pretty full in Kuching, the Rajah was opening out plenty of new fields for him in the remoter districts. In July, 1849, Sir James, hearing that the terrible long-boats were at their old work farther up the coast, started against the pirates with all the Malay war-boats he could get together, and with the help of Captain Farquhar of the *Albatross*, fought the most famous battle in the annals of Sarawak at Betung Maru. The native levies were mad for revenge on the bloodthirsty fiends who had infested their country, and nearly 500 of the pirates were killed. The famous pirate chief Linggir unfortunately escaped. He had brought a basket with him to contain the Rajah's head. The Rajah pushed straight on up the Saribas River and burnt Paku; then up the Rejang River and burnt eighteen villages and laid the pirates' country waste for 100 miles, finally planting a fort there to keep what he had won. This had a great effect, and completely broke up the power of the pirates for a long time to come. During the absence of the Rajah, however, a small pirate fleet crept up the Kuching River at dead of night, and took the heads of every man, woman, and child in the village near the river's mouth. For some time Kuching was in great danger, and the doctor's hands were full, as men flowed into the hospital from all sides, some of them with ghastly wounds or with Dyak spear-heads in their backs. The Rajah's victory, however, soon restored order, and one result had been to open up a vast tract of country to the east, where M'Dougall now determined to make a missionary tour.

The rivers are the great highways in Borneo and Sarawak. M'Dougall spent much of his time in his boat. Day after day would be spent under its little blue and white grass awning, while the sturdy Dyak boatmen rowed him up those marvellous waterways through the tropical jungles. The native boats are often rather cranky craft, and at times the heat was terrible for a European. As M'Dougall exclaimed on one such journey, "I feel just like a chicken in a narrow coop in the sun, gasping for breath and frying with heat."

Such days, however, were full of incident, and the wild beauty of the forests is a marvel that never palls. Orchids and flowers of every extravagant shape and colour gleamed in the overhanging branches. At times the river would open up into tree-locked lakes, where native fishermen, their bright-coloured clothing enamelled against the green background, snared the fish with the Tuba poison. Then, again, the jungle would close in upon the waterway till they seemed to be passing through a green tunnel filled with vivid light. At every entrance to a tributary stream the boatmen would pause to consult the omens, or place eggs on cleft sticks in the water as an offering to the omen-birds. At night each mangrove-tree was a pillar of fire, with its swarm of fire-flies, and the steamy stillness would be broken by strange forest sounds. Whispered rumours of the head-hunters would sometimes reach them. Once a boat was found with blood in it and one finger, which was recognised as having started with a crew of seven men. Most of the tribes had blood feuds to avenge, and it did not require much excuse to rouse the Dyak warriors and

send them forth in their long-boats on a raid. Rounding the corner at any moment might be expected to appear through the foliage the goggle-eyed head of some monstrous dragon, whose thin neck would next resolve itself into the bow of a war-canoe, paddled by lithe-bodied men in hairy war-coats, horn-bill feathers streaming from their caps. Once more the green tunnel would widen a little and a Dyak village would appear, each house with its long overhanging veranda and its row of buff-coloured faces gazing down upon the white man's boat.

M'Dougall would land at such villages and sometimes take up his quarters there for several days. He was always made very welcome, and the Dyaks would gladly listen to what he had to teach. A Dyak village consists of a single building—a wooden house by the riverside, perhaps 130 feet in length, and built on piles above the jungle. A notched log leads to its long gallery, and each separate house opens on to this veranda, where most of the household work is done. Under the floor are the pigsty, and one can prod the too greedy pigs from above with a long bamboo. The women work in the open gallery, husking the rice with poles, gracefully pushing the grain into the mortar with their feet or winnowing it in plaited trays. Jolly little brown children swarm everywhere, always ready for a game. Hanging from the rafters are the household skulls with food for them there—pieces of pigs' meat on skewers, and tuak (the native whisky) in sections of cut bamboo. Round these dried heads cluster many of the Dyak customs. The souls of the men whose heads hang on the roof-tree will be their slaves in the Spirit World. The skulls are the Dyak's most

precious possessions. On his care for them much of his prosperity depends. In M'Dougall's day in Borneo no Dyak girl would accept a suitor till he had brought her a head. If he were warlike he would go forth and slay an enemy ; if a coward he would treacherously murder an old man or even a woman in the jungle and bring the dried head. The Arab pirates in former days could always count upon help from the Sea Dyaks by promising them a good harvest of heads. Even after Brooke had put down piracy he found old customs died hard. Among certain of the head-hunting tribes a head had to be taken before they could go out of mourning for a chief or any of his relatives. The Rajah would not permit this ; so the tribe in mourning had to compromise by borrowing an old skull for the prescribed ceremonies, skulls being kept for the purpose at the Government forts, marked A, B, or C, and a careful record made of the borrower, much as is done in a lending library, when we take home books to read.

M'Dougall could only visit the villages at very wide intervals of time, but he visited them all as regularly as he could. He had every reason to be encouraged, for everywhere the people gave him a warm welcome. The story of the life of JESUS CHRIST always produces a deep impression upon the Dyak. It is a new revelation to him, and brings him totally new thoughts and ideas about God. To give up his old sacrifices to spirits is a very difficult thing for one of those Dyak people, but when he has made the final step Christianity comes to him as the rolling away of a dark cloud of terror and gloom. In each native village where there were any Christians the missionary would build a little prayer-house or

leaves. In these rough chapels the jungle people learnt to pray the simple prayers he taught them in their own language, and, as time went on, services were held there as regularly as could be arranged. These little buildings were not made to last long, as the Dyaks were constantly moving their village houses to new sites. At times M'Dougall ventured into the heart of the jungle, where all the under-growth is reeking wet, and one has to walk over yellow slippery clay, or try and keep one's balance on a “jungle path,” which is only a series of damp green logs laid end to end through interminable leagues of forest. At every halt the traveller must overhaul himself and pull off the land leeches, which reach out at the passer-by from the leaves of the low wayside shrubs. The Ukits, or jungle-people, were very shy; experts with the blow-pipe and poisoned arrow.

Work among the Mohammedans was not always encouraging; how very seldom it is! But his tact and sympathy won their confidence, and they did little to hinder him in his work at Kuching. It was a saying of Clark of the Punjab that the three qualities required in a missionary are “grace, grit and gumption.” Much of M'Dougall's work was an example of its truth. Among the Malays there was a prejudice against *printed* books, the reason being that former Dutch and Dissenting missionaries, both American and English, had sent amongst the Malays tracts of a violent controversial character, which had aroused much bad feeling. But M'Dougall was not going to give up his work on the Malay catechism, so he hit upon the plan of *lithographing* all his books, and the natives read them without any compunction. By his

Chinese-Dyak Hospital M'Dougall won the gratitude of many thousands of unfortunate creatures whom native superstition had cast out into the forests when they were ill or near death, and their children were received into the Mission school. These Chinese he allowed to continue their native dress and many of their customs, and not a few of the future native missionaries came from among their number. M'Dougall never quite got the Home Committee to approve of his school, but his own belief in it was justified by future events in Sarawak.

It was a great day when Bishop Daniel Wilson of Calcutta came to Sarawak to consecrate the new church. It was a long white building, vaulted within “like a cedar box,” and the font was a huge clam shell. M'Dougall built much of it himself with the enthusiastic help of his Malay Christians ; and as they watched it rise, they felt, as Harriette M'Dougall said, that “the greatest of all wonders may happen there!” Bishop Wilson was greatly struck by M'Dougall's athletic figure, and, as his wife wrote home, “used to bestow pokes in the chest upon Frank, whom he thought a Hercules!” When, however, the stern Metropolitan discovered one of Manning's books in M'Dougall's shelves he read him a lecture, and “rapped Frank over the knuckles.” In the same year three other men from England joined the Mission, among them Walter Chambers, who afterwards succeeded M'Dougall in the See.

After five years in Sarawak the M'Dougalls took a few months' furlough, and once again found themselves in London. M'Dougall was anxious to see the officials of the S.P.G., as that society had just agreed formally to take over the Borneo Mission.

The Rajah, who whole-heartedly supported M'Dougall, was somewhat anxious for the future. He was afraid the S.P.G. would send out men who might not possess the same tact and sympathy as M'Dougall, and he knew how easily Mohammedan resentment might injure the peace of his raj. In political matters he had guarded against mistakes by his “family system” of government, and it seemed to him that if more missionaries were coming to Sarawak they ought to be bound in the same manner under a wise central authority. The obvious course was to ask the authorities to make M'Dougall a bishop, and this, accordingly, he did. The Archbishop of Canterbury took up the matter cordially; funds were raised, and the matter was very quickly arranged. The only difficulty was a technical one. Borneo was not one of the Queen's dominions, and in those days the royal license was necessary before a bishop could be consecrated in the Anglican Church. This was solved by choosing the tiny island of Labuan as the title of the new See, it alone being under control of the Colonial Office. To save his own prerogative, however, the Rajah was careful to make the Bishop of Labuan “Bishop of Sarawak.” Before leaving for Calcutta, where the consecration was to take place, the new Bishop received a royal command to Osborne, and was presented to the Duchess of Kent.

The M'Dougalls left home once more just as news reached England of the Battle of the Alma, and in due time the Bishop-Designate found himself the guest of Bishop Wilson in Calcutta. While there he went with the Bishop and Lord Dalhousie to the opening of the first railway in India. In the following year, St. Luke's Day, 1855, M'Dougall was con-

secerated Bishop of Labuan ; “one of the greatest occasions,” said Bishop Wilson, “in the history of the Indian Church, as Dr. M’Dougall is the first Missionary Bishop to be sent out by us.”

It is said that the Queen spoke of M’Dougall as “our Doctor-Bishop.” He certainly lost no time in living up to his title. A well-known Calcutta surgeon was driving in his carriage to the Hospital directly after the Consecration in the Cathedral, when he caught sight of the new Bishop, and stopped to tell him his errand. When Bishop M’Dougall heard he was going to perform a dangerous operation, “Oh !” he exclaimed, “let me go with you !” and “in twenty minutes he was standing with his coat off, and his arm up to his elbows in blood . . . the best assistant,” said the doctor, “I ever had !”

During their absence at home bad news was received from Sarawak. The Rajah had been down with an attack of smallpox, and his native ally, Gassin of the S’krang Dyaks, had been beaten in a great battle with Rentap, a pirate chief. The English resident at Lingga had been killed. As soon as the Rajah recovered he set forth and won back all the the ground that was lost ; in fact, he obliged the cession to his rule of six new districts. But when the M’Dougalls met him on their return he looked very ill and worried, and not at all like his old self. An absurd Commission had been appointed by the British Government “to inquire into the existence of piracy in the Eastern seas, and into Sir James Brooke’s conduct in relation to it.” Anyone who knew anything at all about those Eastern seas knew that Brooke had given his life to the business of ridding them of the most bloodthirsty ruffians that

ever tyrannised over a country. The slave traffic carried on by them in Borneo was the cruellest in the world. Unfortunately, however, for the Rajah, the new Coalition Government of 1853 was in a very shaky condition, and the Liberal Premier was dependent upon the votes of a body of men of extreme views, who had found a new and very effective vote-catching cry in the recent general election. This cry was “Borneo atrocities.” The pirates of Borneo were painted in pathetic guise as poor harmless natives who were being shot down in thousands by a monster of ambition called Brooke. Joseph Hume (“that professional libeller”) and Cobden and others raised a howl against the Rajah’s rule, and the Government sacrificed Brooke to them in a desperate attempt to consolidate its precarious majority. It was a thoroughly discreditable affair, and though in course of time Brooke’s name was completely cleared in the eyes of his fellow countrymen, he suffered years of the bitterest disillusionment and disappointment, and the action of the British Government was at the root of all the political troubles that afterwards occurred in Borneo.

In November, 1856, very disquieting rumours began to spread that the Chinese in Sarawak intended to rise and attack Kuching. The Celestials were scattered in great numbers as workers and miners throughout the raj, and their secret societies are, of course, always a source of danger. Very exaggerated reports had reached the Chinese of a British defeat at Canton, and as they also suspected that the British Government was not going to support the Rajah, they thought it a good opportunity to rise and drive the white men out of Borneo and Sarawak.

Shortly after midnight on February 18, 1857, a Chinese squadron of barges pulled silently through the capital, and a horde of yellow demons was loosed upon the little town. The surprise was complete and a terrible massacre followed. The Rajah himself, weak and ill as he was, only just escaped by diving beneath a barge and swimming across the river, but several of his European officials were cut down. Mrs. Middleton, the wife of one of the officers, had an extraordinary escape. She took refuge inside a large jar full of water, in which she sat with only her lips above the surface. The Chinese cut off the head of one of her children in the very room where she was, and flung her baby into the fire. Poor Mrs. Crookshank, in a neighbouring house, had with extraordinary courage shammed death, while the Chinese tore the rings from her fingers and cut at her head with their swords. Her life was saved by her mass of braided hair. The Bishop gathered together the Europeans and Malays at the Mission, and after prayer they armed themselves for a siege. The Chinese, however, needed the Bishop's services as a doctor, and sent a message to say that they had no quarrel against “the Teachers.” The Bishop went down immediately to the Court House, where he found the Chinese leader seated in the Rajah's throne. Borne on a pole by a Chinaman was the bleeding head of Mr. Nicholetts, which the rebels hoped would be mistaken for the head of the Rajah. The Bishop took a strong stand from the outset. He boldly warned the Chinese that if the Rajah had been killed, Captain Brooke would certainly avenge his uncle's death, and that at that moment he could loose upon them 10,000 wild men of the S'Krangs. The Chinese

were no warriors, and had no idea how to hold what they had gained. In the meantime they allowed the Bishop to attend to the wounded and to return to the Mission station, warning him, however, that he would be given short shrift if he sheltered any of the refugees. The Bishop said nothing, but managed to hide away a large number of people who flocked to the Mission for his protection. After a terrible night of alarms, he was able to send away his wife and the other women in boats up the river. He then took command of his little forces (which consisted of fifteen Europeans and fifteen scholars), sent some of the Malays to the lower fort to unspike the guns, and after despatching a message to the Rajah to come as quickly as possible and attack the rebels, he managed to join the rest of the Europeans at Jernang. The Bishop had a miraculous escape from the lower fort, leaping into a Malay sampan which was hurrying by amidst a hail of Chinese bullets. The Chinese swore that they would kill him if they caught him, but, as he said, “they were monstrous bad shots.” The Malays flocked to help their Rajah. Never in the time of his power had Brooke realised how he was enshrined in the hearts of his people as at that moment when, driven from his capital, he was alone and in the hands of the Malays. He now returned to Kuching with an army, and after a stiff encounter drove the Chinese rebels into the jungle. Many of the fugitives preferred suicide to capture, and all along the line of flight were found bodies hanging to the trees, and on each was found from five to twenty pounds in cash from the pillage of the Treasury. For a time a remnant of them rallied about their sacred stone, the Tai-pé-kong, which they carried with them

into battle, but the Dyaks drove them farther and farther into the forests and finally right over the Dutch frontier. In the fire the splendid library at the Astana (palace) was destroyed, with all the Rajah's precious records. Many of the Mission buildings were completely destroyed. The Bishop feared that much of his work was undone, for the head-hunting proclivities of his Dyaks broke out afresh and with new vigour as they pursued the Chinese into the forests and slew them. A good deal of his soldier blood, however, showed itself in the Bishop himself during the flight from the lower fort. "I shook my fist at the rascals," said he, "and wished for one company of the old 42nd or as many blue-jackets." One of the eye-witnesses of the whole scene wrote afterwards: "But for the Bishop there would have been chaos. He was commander-in-chief and organised everything." He also managed by his influence with the Malay chiefs to prevent reprisals against Chinese Christians on the part of the furious Dyaks. We have a vivid little picture of M'Dougall at his post: "Like us all," wrote a survivor, "he was armed to the teeth with sword, double-barrel and revolver, . . . and recalled the olden times when lord Bishops could strike a blow if need were in a good cause." "Ah," said another man who had been through the insurrection, "that was a Bishop. If there were more Bishops like him more people would come to Church."

In the flight down the river a laughable incident occurred. A foreigner who did not understand anything but very classical English, but who had been helping the Mission for some time as an S.P.G. worker, called out to the Bishop in great excitement: "My

lord, my lord, I beg to resign my post as missionary in Sarawak !” “ Well,” came back the Bishop’s curt reply, “ you’ll completely cut your own throat with S.P.G. if you resign now !” Unfortunately the poor man did not understand the vernacular, and afterwards told his friends that this savage Bishop had threatened to cut his throat if he “ resigned !” When the Middleton’s house was burning, and the Bishop’s wife was preparing for flight into the jungle, one of the Mission helpers offered to put up some clothing in a bundle for Mrs. M’Dougall. When the bundle was opened, however, it was found to contain—a pair of stays and a black silk apron ! “ The idea of myself in the jungle in this attire,” said Mrs. M’Dougall, “ made me laugh till I almost cried.” The Bishop’s wife showed extraordinary courage all through those terrible days, and did much to encourage everyone with her. The Mission had lost a good deal ; but so great was the sympathy felt in England for the Bishop and his staff that soon there was more than enough money to rebuild the church and hospital, and also to buy the Mission ship that the Bishop had so longed for. But for some years after the insurrection the whole country was in a very unsettled state, and there were constant alarms of war. The British Government would do nothing whatever to help the Rajah, and the “ Little England Party ” were still in power. The Rajah returned to England a very sick and disappointed man, and his nephew ruled in his absence.

It was now Bishop M’Dougall’s turn to be criticised in England, and the poor ill-used pirates were again at the bottom of the affair ! Taking advantage of the Rajah’s illness and absence, those fierce sea-

wolves were soon at their old slave-hunting ways ; village after village was burnt, and whole tracts of country devastated. Captain Brooke set out in his fleet of war-boats and won a great victory over the Illanun pirates, sinking nearly their whole fleet. The Bishop went with him as doctor (he was still the only medical man in Sarawak), and they returned in triumph to Kuching, their vessels decked with the captured Illanun flags. In the battle the Bishop had been in the thick of the fighting, his dress making him a notable mark. Mrs. M'Dougall wrote home : “ Frank fought, as you may imagine, till he had his hands full of wounded to dress. What a blessing it was he went ! ” Unfortunately the poor Bishop had critics at home who thought it anything but a blessing ! The Bishop was full of the victory, and being determined that people in England should know what the pirates were really like whose cause the Government was so ready to take up against the Rajah, he wrote a graphic account of the battle to the *Times* (July 16, 1862), and begged for English help to put down a system far more horrible than the African slave trade. The letter attracted wide notice in England, was discussed in Parliament, and opened many people’s eyes to the real facts of the matter. It brought the poor Bishop, however, into most unexpected obliquy. The Bishop of Durham (Dr. Baring) wrote of “ the extraordinary proceedings of the Bishop of Labuan with regard to his shooting the poor heathen instead of converting them.” M’Dougall’s friends were most indignant and appealed to the Archbishop. A paper warfare followed, in which many of the English Bishops took part, and “ the Doctor-Bishop’s ” frank letter to the *Times* was very

severely handled indeed. “I must mention,” he wrote in this letter, “that my double-barrelled Terry’s breech-loader proved itself a most deadly weapon. It never missed fire in eighty rounds. We are indeed all most thankful to our Heavenly FATHER who thus ordered things for us and made us His instruments to punish these bloodthirsty foes of the human race.” It can be imagined how little palatable such words would be to many good old-fashioned people in England fifty years ago! It mattered not to them when the Doctor-Bishop explained that he had healed far more people than he had killed ; that he had only shot those pirates in self-defence ; and that he had helped to free 250 poor slaves after the battle. They still believed that his conduct had been most un-Christians and inexcusable. Some of the Bishops, however, supported him, including the Bishops of Lincoln and Chester, and (fortunately) the Secretary of the S.P.G. But Bishop Tait of London, in a friendly letter to M’Dougall suggested that if he ever took part in a naval battle again he should get his wife to write about it! The Bishop’s popularity in England may be said to have increased after all this discussion, and the ordinary lay opinion was expressed in a very vigorous and eulogistic article in the *Saturday Review* of January 3, 1863.

The M’Dougall’s fifteen years’ work in Sarawak had been carried on under more difficult and disheartening conditions than could have been found anywhere in the world. Again and again the Bishop’s work seemed to be completely undone ; but as the Rajah said, “it laid the foundations,” and the Church in Sarawak to-day is reaping the harvest sown by its pioneer Bishop. In 1864 the long-

desired British protection was tentatively granted to Borneo, and the country rapidly settled down. Two years later, on the eve of the Bishop's departure, the Act was passed which transferred the Straits to the Crown, and M'Dougall's successor became Bishop of Singapore and Sarawak, a diocese of over 120,000 square miles.

Nothing would induce the M'Dougall's to leave their post until the Bishop's health threatened to break down altogether. He had had a terribly hard life, and, as he wrote, “I cannot now walk uphill or do jungle work without great distress.” At last he gave in, and when they returned to England accepted a small country living, Godmanchester. There he soon discovered that there was plenty of life left in him yet, and the village bully, an ex-prize-fighter, found it out too, but ended by becoming one of the Bishop's most regular church members! Mrs. M'Dougall once more found herself in a quiet English countryside, after so many years of heroic work and experiences that would have killed many a woman. She had lost five children in Sarawak. She had little thought what it would all entail when she brought about her husband's acceptance of the Rajah's offer. But in spite of all she never regretted it, and she and her husband always thanked God for sending them to Sarawak. In 1870 M'Dougall was appointed Archdeacon of Huntingdon, and not long afterwards Archdeacon of the Isle of Wight and Canon and Treasurer of Winchester Cathedral. During his last years in the old country he made many friends, including Charles Kingsley, who stayed with him frequently in his vicarage, and intended to make the Doctor-Bishop

the hero of one of his novels. The Great White Rajah lived for the last few years of his life in England, paralysed, and greatly embittered by the constant failure of his negotiations with the Government. He died at his estate in Devon in 1868, one of the kindest and best men that ever lived, and one of the greatest of our Empire-builders. Bishop M'Dougall survived him eighteen years, and did much to uphold the great Rajah's name in the seventies, when Mr. Gladstone once more raked up the old calumnies for one of his electoral campaigns. During the Bishop's years at Winchester he did a great deal for the beautiful Cathedral, and it was owing to his exertions that the repair of the building was undertaken. At the south entrance one may see two mitred heads in stone ; one of them represents Bishop Harold Browne, the other Bishop M'Dougall.

As they had always hoped, Harriette and Francis M'Dougall passed away together—or almost together, for he only survived her a few months. On November 14, 1886, the great bell of the Cathedral told his many friends at Winchester that “the Doctor-Bishop” had reached the end of his journey, and that a wider sphere of work had been appointed him than the Islands of the Eastern Seas.

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